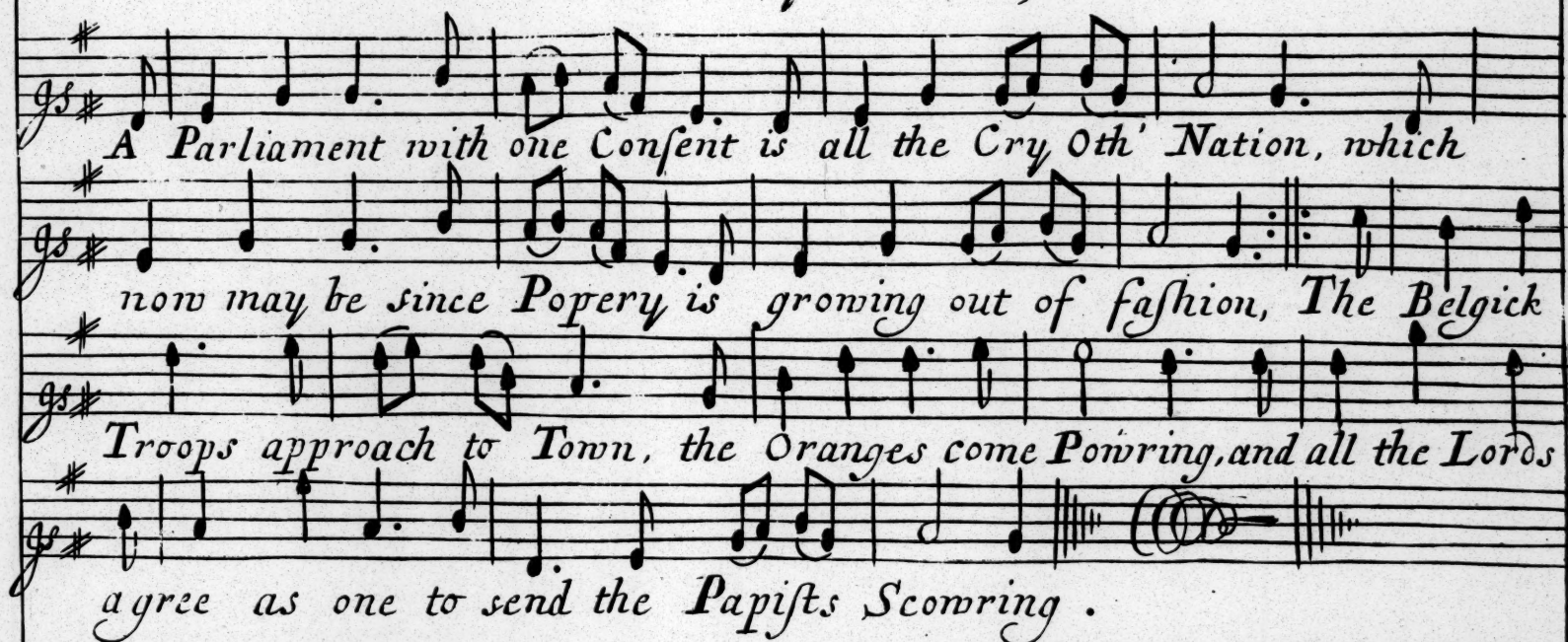


A
New song on the Calling of a free Parliament .
January 15th 168⁸/₉ .



The holy Man shall lead the Van —
Our Father and Confessor
In Robes of Red, the Jesuit's fled —
Who was the Chief Transgressor
In this disguise he thought to Escape
And hop'd to save his Bacon, —
But Herbert he has layd a Trapp —
The Ratt may be Retaken

The Nuncio too the day may Rue —
That he came o're the Ocean,
Ith English Court, to keep's Resort —
And teach his blind Devotion
The Prelates Ellis Smith and Hall —
Have sold their Coach and Horses
And will no longer in White hall
Foment their learn'd Discourses .

The Groom oth' Stool that play'd y Fool
Full sorely will Repent it
And Sunderland did bare foot stand —
For penance shall lament it
Milford and the Scotch are fled
Whom hopes of Interest Tempted
Those Lords did turn for want of Bread
And ought to be Exempted .

But Salsbury what cause had he —
To fear his Highness Landing
Who by his A-s and Leggs might pass
For one of understanding .
To take up Arms at such a time —
Against the Rules were gave him
His Head must answer for the Crime
His Pardon will not save him .

The Fryers and Monks with all their Punks
Are now upon the Scamper
Tirconnell swears, and Rants and tears
And Teige does make a Clamper —
The forraign Priests that Posted o're
Into the English Nation
Do now Repent that on that Shore —
They layd their weak Foundation .

'Twoud be a sight, woud move Delight
In each obdurate Varlet —
To see the Graves, that made us Slaves
Hang in Dispensing Scarlet
And every Popish Councellour
That for the same Cause Pleded
Shall all turn off at the same score —
Be hang'd or els Beheaded .

